

OUR DUMB

APRIL 1948

Animals



IN THE EASTER PARADE

—Photo, Keystone View Co.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
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One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, seventy-five cents each, within the United States, eight-seven cents each in Canada or Latin America.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

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VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Animals

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The Professional Humanitarian

MANY of us—particularly officers, veterinarians, agents, or in any capacity, employees of humane societies—inevitably, unless constantly on guard, come to do our daily tasks as a matter of routine. Our sensibilities to suffering grow duller and duller from our increasing contact with suffering animals. Little by little, our feelings change and our vocation becomes a business regularly paid for at so much a day or week or month.

Do not other humane workers feel the truth of these words? Has not many a teacher or doctor been conscious of this experience?

How, then, shall we escape this unworthy professionalism that shows itself in a score of stereotyped expressions and in our responses to calls made upon us? Only by constant reminder of those nobler characteristics within us—justice, sympathy, kindness, honor and the sense of duty and also the heavy responsibility placed in our hands—that of caring for unfortunate animals who wholly depend on us.

It has been said that a certain man had two heads and no heart. Few of us will ever be credited with more than one head, if even with that, but Heaven forbid that it ever be said, "He has no heart!"

E. H. H.



Photo by Eaton Cromwell

He types his own request, "Won't some state please choose me?"

More News of State Dogs

THE State of West Virginia has come forward in answer to our plea that each state adopt an official state dog. In an article published by the *Fairmont Times* and written by E. E. Meredith the following suggestions are noted:

"Edward J. Hunter, formerly president of the Valley Kennel Club, suggests the American Fox Hound as West Virginia's dog. He says there are more of them in his state than any other breed. He makes this selection because West Virginia is known to have the best of the breed. Hounds from this state have been sold and shipped to all parts of the world.

"Clarence L. Hall, chairman of the game and fish commission of the legislature, prefers the Blue Tick Beagle. He considers this dog the best all-round and favors it for the honor.

"C. C. Cole says that he would vote for the English Setter and believes it would be more acceptable to the people of the state than any other canine.

"S. Gray Stump feels that the Beagle is more representative of the state than any other dog and praises it highly.

"Rolfe M. Hite favors the English setter, although he thinks that the Cocker Spaniel has the most friends over the state. Backing him up is Clayton Moran who insists that the Cocker is the best and points out that it ranks first as a playmate for children.

"Harry C. Loudon says any kind of a dog suits him. He thinks the crossbred dogs are smarter than the thoroughbreds, basing his conclusion on the fact that a mongrel once saved his life.

"Henry E. Mulligan selects the Great Dane as proper representative of a great state. He has owned various kinds of dogs, but has decided that the Great Dane is the outstanding canine.

"J. C. Hupp voted for the Collie and says he was raised with that breed and found that they are most intelligent.

"Other prominent citizens also sent in votes for the Irish Setter and several for the Cocker Spaniel."

So the campaign progresses in West Virginia and we feel sure that this state will soon choose a dog that will win the approbation of all its citizens.

Governor Lester C. Hunt, of Wyoming, has sent his encouragement. In his letter he says:

"My answer to your letter was delayed in order that it might be read before a meeting of the members of the Game and Fish Department to secure their reactions.

"Wyoming has never designated a state dog by statute. However, it was the consensus of opinion at the meeting referred to that the Scotch Collie has proven his usefulness above all others in this state, and I am pleased to endorse this opinion."

Here and There

THE world is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel.

—Hugh Walpole

He drew a circle that shut me out
Heretic, rebel a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle that took him in.

—Edwin Markham

CONCERNING Hannibal's suicide—
On those the gods love they bestow
infinite joys and infinite sorrows.

I have seen flowers come in stony places.
And kindness done by men with ugly
faces,
And the gold cup won by the worst horse
in the races.
So I hope, too.

—John Masefield

A HORSE, a cow, and a donkey were debating about which had made the greatest contribution to the war.

The horse claimed first honors, because he made it possible for the men to ride off to war and haul their cannon into position.

The cow said that were it not that she had stayed home, the civilian population would have starved within three months, and the war brought to an end.

But the donkey said very boastfully, "None of you contributed as much as I, for had I not been in diplomacy at the head of the governments, there would never have been a war!"

THERE is no truer and more abiding happiness than the knowledge that one is free to go on doing, day by day, the best work one can do, in the kind one likes best, and that this work is absorbed by a steady market, and thus supports one's own life. Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work, and in that work does what he wants to do.

—R. G. Collingwood

THE obligations of law and equity teach only to mankind, but kindness and beneficence should be extended to the creatures of every species, and these will flow from the breast of a true man, as streams that issue from the living fountain.

—Plutarch

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Photo by Dante O. Tranquille

To pet or not to pet—that is the question.

THE question of when to pet and when not to pet your dog is one that is worthy of serious consideration. Every dog needs a considerable amount of affection—it gives him the feeling of being wanted and of belonging to the family that is so important. But overdoing it may cause all sorts of trouble.

In schooling a dog nearly all experts advise against offering any reward other than praise. The basic reason that a dog makes the world's finest pet is because it is instinctive for a canine to act in a way that will win praise and affection. He obeys because he wants his owner to think well of him, because he wants to please.

With the average dog the pat on the back and the lavish praise for work well done puts him in second heaven. But if he gets that same treatment a hundred times a day for nothing, what is there left to offer him?

Many owners whose understanding of training is meager and who have overdone their show of affection find it necessary to resort to tidbits for rewards—a practice that leads to all kinds of in-

convenience and generally poorer results.

Until the dog is perfectly trained the importance of the leash cannot be over-emphasized. It allows for immediate correction and does away with the possibility of an undignified chase. But also, and equally important, it helps to distinguish between instruction periods and play periods. Unless the dog has been completely spoiled you can safely devote time to play without the danger of interfering with his training.

There is no need to relegate him to the "dog house" just to make his schooling more effective. But keep the showing of affection subdued except when he has earned a special reward.

Another danger of too much petting may be to make the dog a nuisance to visitors. This is usually the result of allowing him to be petted by too many friends and neighbors. Once he gets the idea that all visitors are potential back scratchers and head patters he can make life miserable for non-dog-loving guests.

The most worthless dogs and spoiled

When To Pet

*by Tom
Farley*

Too much petting

may easily

spoil your dog

and make him

a nuisance

to your friends

and neighbors.

children are usually from households where obedience is lax and praise and affection can be had without effort. In neither case are the recipients any happier. On the contrary, the lack of discipline usually results in a feeling of insecurity, for the rules are poorly defined and the dog or child may come in for criticism that he cannot understand.

You will seldom hear of a well-trained dog running away from home. On the other hand, the spoiled dog, the dog that is overpetted and underdisciplined, is usually the first to slip away.



Midnight Dinner

IF ever a dog went for his dinner it was one named "Pepsy," because he likes the popular soft drink this name suggests, in an Orange, New Jersey, lunchroom recently.

Pepsy is a mongrel of unknown past who spends his day-times snoozing in the office of an Orange cab company that is close to this city's police headquarters.

For a long time he has taken great delight in making the five-hour after midnight patrol with Patrolman Breitenkam, of the Orange force. If ever there were two devoted night pals they are this officer and Pepsy.

Soon after dark Pepsy makes his headquarters the steps of the police station and there he waits, with side trips to vary the routine up and down the block, until Mr. Breitenkam arrives soon after midnight and comes out shortly after, ready to start on his patrol. Then off they go together night after night.

But on a recent January night Pepsy's pal didn't show up as usual. He was sick at home, and it wasn't until two A.M. that another patrolman entered the station. Pepsy shot in with him, and, although he had never been inside before, went through the front lobby into the first floor locker room just beyond it. Only a brief sniffing among the lockers, and there he was picking out his night pal's locker. Under it he went and nothing could induce him to come out until the third night later when Mr. Breitenkam came in just after midnight. Reunion? There surely was and a grand one for both pals.

With a tip from his fellow officers on night call duty as to Pepsy's mealless wait, the two went to a nearby lunchroom and Pepsy had a midnight dinner of hamburgers that was a dinner indeed. Of course there was plenty of his favorite soft drink, too, and both pals indulged in this before they were off again on the regular night patrol.

—Norman C. Schlichter

White Elephant Gifts

SOME old-time Siamese king, with a flair for the unexpected, began the quaint Siamese custom of presenting white elephants to those persons who had incurred his royal displeasure.

Sending presents to those we dislike is an unusual practice. But the king who started the custom had an idea that this sort of thing would be a genuine source of embarrassment to the recipient.

White elephants are said to have much bigger appetites than normally colored specimens. Being sacred to all the people of Siam, it is a crime to let one die or to give it away—therefore the gift is supposed to entail ruin on the recipient.

White elephants, of course, are merely those affected with albinism. They were known to the ancients and are still highly esteemed in many parts of the Orient.

In Siam the white elephant was originally believed to contain the soul of a deceased person, probably a Buddha. When one is found the finder is suitably rewarded, and the animal brought to the king who keeps it. Upon its death it is baptized and feted and mourned with all the solemnity of a human being.

In parts of Indo-China the belief is strong that the soul of a white elephant may cause injury to some person. In Cambodia it is supposed to bring good luck to the entire kingdom. Abyssinia also accords the white elephant the same measure of respect as do the Siamese.

The centuries' old Siamese custom gave rise to a somewhat similar idea in the Western world and added a phrase to our everyday language.

Any unwanted gift is now frequently referred to as a white elephant. Church and lodge bazaars also feature the well known "white elephant sales" of goods the donors are glad to contribute and the buyers merely purchase to help out the cause.

—Jasper B. Sinclair

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"Oh, oh . . . here comes the itty-bitty doggums stuff again!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

HE wasn't at all the kind of rabbit one would expect to find on Easter morning. He was big and rangy with the floppiest ears and the broadest feet I'd ever seen on a rabbit. Instead of the snowy coat usually associated with Easter bunnies, his fur was the color of soiled cotton wool and the way one ear tilted over his left eye gave him a rakish, devil-may-care appearance. Certainly, there was nothing timid about him and from all appearances, he didn't know what it was to be afraid of dogs.

More than any other trait, I think it was his sense of humor that endeared him to us. He loved to clown and during the weeks he remained in our grove to heckle "Buddy Bearskin" and "Mr. Blue," I'm sure he had many a laugh at their expense. That he was playing with them, there could be no doubt; the fact that he came back again and again was proof that he enjoyed the dogs' embarrassment. Where he came from we never knew; where he went when he'd tired of us, is still a mystery.

The first time we saw him was on Easter morning. The rising sun, slanting through the orange trees, cast a pink glow over everything. At the foot of the grove, the eucalypti trees looked blue and cool in the rising mist.

I paused on my way to the chicken house to absorb this enchanting beauty and as my eyes sauntered down the lane, I saw our rabbit. He was sitting up on his haunches, his ear hanging over one eye like an Hitlerian bang, his front feet crossed neatly on his chest, and like everything else, he was washing in a tide of pink and gold. I stared at him, and not so much as a whisker quivered as he appraised me and the two dogs at my heels.

Buddy Bearskin saw him a split second after I did, and since he is the kind of dog that will chase anything, he gave a cry, like that of a pig caught in a fence, and after the rabbit he went.

At the moment, Mr. Blue's interest was centered on a flea, but at Buddy's cry he went into action, pursuing what, I'm sure he didn't know.

As Buddy drew within thirty or forty feet of the rabbit, the big fellow lowered himself, thumped the ground with his hind feet by way of a challenge, and then loped unhurriedly toward the eucalypti windbreak.

By this time, Mr. Blue saw what they were after. As far as I know, this was the first rabbit he'd ever seen and curiosity, if nothing else, kept him in the race.

Although he was less than a year old, he was too fat to give the rabbit any qualms; the best he could do was to eat Buddy's dust and to waste his breath on an occasional short-winded yelp.

With seconds to spare, the rabbit reached the windbreak, gave the dogs a mocking flirt of his ears and disappeared in the grove beyond.

For an hour or so, the dogs beat the brush, stubs of tails fanning their hind quarters, but nothing came of the search. At last, exhausted, they returned to the house, to spread themselves in the shade and recover their breath and dignity.

I told my husband of the incident as we ate breakfast.

"Good!" he said. "I hope the 'Jack' gives the dogs a good workout. Fatso Blue's got so lazy he won't even fan flies."

"That's all very well," I said uneasily, "but suppose the dogs get into the habit of chasing rabbits and one of our neighbor's tame ones come on our property. They're not going to like it if the dogs catch and harm one of the poor, little things."

"Don't worry," my husband jeered. "Mr. Blue couldn't catch molasses dripping off his chin, much less a rabbit. Anyhow, I doubt if the rabbit shows up again."

In that he was mistaken. The next morning, and every day thereafter for nearly two weeks, "Adolph," as we called the rabbit, was waiting for us on the identical spot where he'd first made his appearance.

He would wait until the dogs were within a few feet of him, then off he'd go, keeping just far enough ahead to antagonize them. When he'd reach the windbreak, he'd turn, cross to the adjoining row of trees and nonchalantly trot back toward the

April 1948

"Mr. Blue's" Easter Rabbit

by Ina Loney Morris



Mr. Blue waits expectantly for his morning walk.

house, stopping every now and then to thump the ground and to wave his ears in a spirit of encouragement. Finally, when he'd tired of the game, he'd whip up some speed and zigzag through the grove until he'd lost his pursuers.

Buddy, the cocker, who is always as trim as a sapling, showed no effect from the chase, but Mr. Blue began almost at once to benefit by the active life in hard muscles and reduced girth. Moreover, his wind was better and he spent more time trying to pick up the trail of the illusive rabbit, than in dreaming of soup bones under the pepper trees.

Looking at his trim figure, we were very grateful to Adolph and hoped he'd make his home with us. But one morning he failed to show up at the usual place and although the dogs looked high and low for him, he was nowhere to be found.

I'm sure they missed him; I know I did. But maybe next year at Easter time he will come back. We hope so.



Dinner for Eight

MR. M. A. Blazier, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, sends us this picture, showing six gray squirrels. Actually there were two others at the far right and left, which had to be cut off for clarity.

Says Mr. Blazier, "We live four miles from town, out in the country and there is a woods right back of our home. We feed these squirrels every day. When the snow gets here they seem to be anxious to hunt us up, to get our hand out.

"The picture was taken from our back door, up the walk through part of our garden. By using shelled corn I managed to get the eight at one time. Three will take food from our hands. Once, last winter, we saw eleven at one time. Several years ago, one used one of our woodpecker houses for her nest and raised three babies there. And another year, one raised two offspring in the squirrel house about a hundred feet from our back door."



Dog Biscuit Slot Machine

DOGS don't have to be thoroughbreds to necessarily be smart. Take for instance the case of "Sandy," a thirteen-year-old mongrel owned by a man in Chicago. The owner used to have trouble finding someone to feed the dog when he went away over the week-ends, but that trouble is ended now with his new invention plus the dog's intelligence. The man invented a dog-biscuit slot machine. The apparatus consists of a stand holding eight biscuits, and there is a trip lever affair at the bottom of it. When this lever is operated, a dog biscuit is dropped from the machine. The owner of Sandy says that it only took him about a half hour to teach the dog how to manipulate the slot machine that pays off in dog biscuits.

—H. P. Behnke

The Show-Off

By MARGUERITE NIXON

BONZO" was a mutt, a grade-A mongrel. His father was an amiable seventy-pound Boxer that was always scarred up because some terrier had jumped on him and his mother was an addlepat bird dog that became lost two blocks from home. He was given to us by a neighbor and we didn't have the heart to refuse him. Besides he was lovable and friendly, the kind of puppy that clambered up into your lap and took a nap, only he continued the habit when he weighed a good fifty pounds himself. He loved everybody, and he ate like a horse and spent most of his time sleeping.

We tried in vain to teach Bonzo a few social graces like shaking hands or fetching the paper or even playing dead, since that seemed to require less energy, but not Bonzo. He was just good-for-nothing. People would look at him and say, "My, what a big dog!" And that was all you could say for him; he was big.

We became embarrassed and apologetic about him, and when anyone commented on him, we took to saying off-handedly, "Oh, he's just a mutt." Usually Bonzo was snoozing in the sun and only opened one eye lazily and thumped his tail in drowsy greeting, but one day when I had just said that he was a mutt, he lumbered to his feet, walked over to the front door, reared up and placed his front paws on the door, took the knob in his huge mouth and turning it opened the door as easily as though he had spent years doing it.

I was speechless and never said a word throughout my visitor's speech of approval, but when I later told the family

about it and tried to get Bonzo to repeat his act, he looked at the door as though never in his life had he seen it before. We decided that anyone was entitled to one brain storm in his life, even Bonzo, and forgot about it.

A few weeks later I again explained to a guest that Bonzo was just a mutt, and she replied, 'Oh, I don't know about that! I see you've taught him not to walk on the rug.'

I had never taught him anything and he'd been tromping on the rug since he was a puppy, but there was Bonzo skirting the living room rug as skittishly and carefully as a tight rope walker doing his act without a net. As soon as the guest left he went to sleep on the same rug.

We decided to test him, and the next night when company was present, I said loudly, "Bonzo is just a mutt!" And Bonzo crawled out from behind the wing chair, rose to his hind legs and sedately walked halfway across the room to the accompaniment of applause.

From then on, it was a game which we began by saying, "Bonzo is a mutt," and he immediately went into his act, but only when guests were present. Not once did he ever so much as lift a limp paw and shake hands when only the family was present. In the course of time, he sat up, barked when spoken to, turned round and round in a little dance, and rolled over twice like a big ox. He brought in the paper as nicely as you please, and one time he even came to a point like his bird dog mother. But only for the benefit of the guests.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

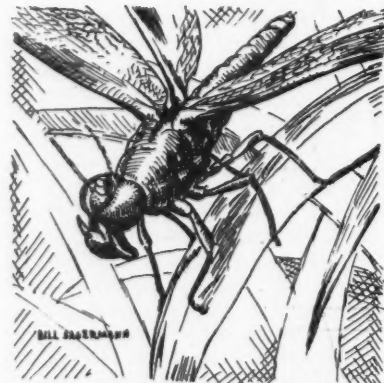
By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Model for Aviators

The dragon-fly looks very fierce;
He wears a funny flap;
And when he sees a gnat or fly,
He nabs it in his trap.

The strongest of our zooming bugs,
At flying, there's none greater;
His technique has been studied by
The student aviator!



Mice Up a Tree

By JOHN H. SPICER

The white-footed mouse is a creature of elfinland. It lives in the woods, perhaps in a bird's nest or hollow log. Gentle and unsuspicious, it loves to scamper abroad at night, when its big bright eyes are sharp on every shadow.



MICE can climb but most of them, instead of copying the squirrels, prefer to live pretty close to the surface of the ground with their home in a burrow or some hidden retreat. One kind of them, however, seems to have decided that the squirrels had the right idea and have moved into the trees. These are the tree mice of the West, a rusty colored species of mice found only in the humid forest regions of western Oregon and north-western California. There they often spend their entire lives in the tops of the Sitka spruce, Douglas firs and coast redwoods. Such a life has its advantages because they are free from many of the four-footed hunters who make life so dangerous and uncertain for the other wild mice. Then by sleeping in the daytime and coming out at night they avoid many birds of prey, too.

Their nests are generally high in the trees, sometimes as much as a hundred feet up, though in some localities they occasionally build in smaller trees with the nest only a few yards above the ground.

Occasionally the mice save labor by occupying the deserted homes of the big gray squirrels who live in the same forests and making them over to please themselves. They are quite able to build their own home and generally do so, using twigs, lichens and needles of the fir and spruce for their building materials.

These treetop homes vary in size from small ovals only a few inches in diameter to regular apartment houses three feet across and two or three feet high. Naturally these big ones have to be quite

close to the trunk where there are several branches quite close together to support the big mass of material. Such large ones have been in use for many years and contain several nest chambers with numerous tunnels and passageways for the occupants of these woodland pent-houses.

The treetops also supply them an abundance of food for they feed almost entirely on the softer parts of the fir and spruce needles and on the bark from the young twigs. Nor are they confined to one tree for the interlacing branches make convenient pathways from tree to tree when they want to go travelling. Hence they never have any reason to come down to the ground and risk the dangers that await them there.

And Kitty Came Back

By CAROLINE E. WELLS

TABITHY," the beautiful Maltese pet cat of Mr. and Mrs. Jansen Clark of near Bath, New York, was a country cat, having been born and raised to cathood on their farm, and when they went to the city of Rochester, New York, to spend several weeks, taking Tabithy along, she did not take happily to life in the city. She wandered discontentedly

about their rooms, and in a few days managed to get out and disappeared. For three weeks no trace of her could be found. The Clarks were sorry, thinking something must have happened to her, and feeling it impossible that she could have gone back home, a distance of more than 70 miles.

However, when they returned home

they were greeted by both mewing and purring, which came from a large packing box on the back porch. Tabithy was purring "Home Sweet Home" to the best of her ability, and proudly displayed a family of four baby kittens, which furnished the rest of the "music." Evidently Tabithy felt the farm was the best place to raise a family.



Visiting the new stray ward are J. Robert Smith, District Manager, Mrs. Lawrence Davis, Auxiliary President, John R. Macomber, Director, and Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President.



Corner of the new operating room, one of three tables in use. Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff, is operating, assisted by Dr. L. H. Scamman.



Dr. R. L. Leighton X-rays an injured shoulder suffered by "Trixie" in an accident, assisted by Fred Fruda, operating room attendant. The new addition provides a complete X-ray department.



(Circle) "Captain," a Labrador retriever, is examined by Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff, following treatment for burn.

The new "Prep Room," located between the laboratory and operating room, is used to prepare animals for surgery. Here they are anesthetized, clipped and scrubbed prior to surgery.





Dinner time in one of the four new wards. At the far end of the room may be seen one of the new exercise areas.

COMPLETION of a new addition and extensive alterations to the Springfield branch of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital now gives to that city one of the most modern and complete animal hospitals in the country.

Although pictures do, indeed, tell a story that thousands of words could not portray, we must, in this case, admit that it would be impossible for mere photographs to show the spaciousness, the up-to-the-minute facilities, the healing serenity of the new wards. It is all there and more.

Everything that could be done for the comfort of its animal patients was done. Now 200 animals may be hospitalized daily. Additional operating rooms, clinic rooms and wards will facilitate the care of sick and injured animals, augmented by a new laboratory, preparatory room, X-ray department and numerous other features. More and larger wards and kennels will enable stray and given-up animals to receive the maximum care.

The spacious corridor, leading to the new wards, makes a gleaming setting for "Duke," an English setter, receiving treatment for infection. Exercising him is Attendant Marsden Sommersett.

Introducing Our Springfield Hospital

**Its new addition opens the way for
the care and treatment of many
more animals than was formerly
possible**





Here "Frank" gives a demonstration of his useful trick.

Self-Watering Horse

By GRAYCE E. LATUS

AT Allegheny County Workhouse Farms, "Frank," a seventeen-year-old horse never goes thirsty, even if no one is around to run water in and out of his drinking trough. No one remembers when or how this smart horse learned to turn the spigot on and off in his drinking tub, but for some years he has known all about the method of filling his drinking tub. When he is thirsty he simply leans forward, takes the spigot between his teeth, and lets it run. When he is through he uses the same manner to turn the water off, and rarely does he forget to complete the job by turning off

what he has turned on. This horse shows that he is grateful for praise for his job well done and gets many tidbits from his master, Samuel C. Kincaid, Farm Manager of Allegheny County Workhouse, for this trick of watering himself daily.

Grownups and children of the neighborhood often stop in at the Farm to see this horse turn the water on and off. The horse, as well as the lookers-on, seems to have fun doing this stunt for exhibition. Frank is partially retired now and so has more time to exhibit his self-taught trick. He is a great favorite of the children in the locality and also the nearby farmers.



Can You Describe Your Pet?

IF your dog or cat were to disappear today, could you describe it accurately enough that some person who had never seen it could easily identify it? Sometimes animals become lost or are picked up by strangers. Then it is essential as well as comforting to be able to describe the pet in detail. Write out a complete description and put it in a safe place. Don't rely on memory. Anxiety over your loss could upset you to the point that you could not give a clear account to the police or for an "ad" in the newspaper.

Here are a few ideas that could help you.

1. Write down the breed, color, size, long or short hair.
2. Does it have spots? Give exact color and location.
3. Take yardstick or tape and measure length and height.
4. If possible weigh your pet.
5. Make note of any other permanent marks or scars.
6. Get good clear snapshots showing front and side view.

—Esther Schulland Manz

"Prince"

By WILBERT N. SAVAGE

THIS is a story about one of the busiest dogs in the world. His name is "Prince," ace tracking dog serving the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. His intelligence has been called "incredible"; his tracking feats "uncanny."

Not long ago, Prince observed his fifth birthday by enjoying a lazy day in his kennel, eating choice food and chewing vigorously on an extra-select bone. But his hours of leisure are limited. When a dog travels as much as 3,800 miles annually, besides covering hundreds of miles on the trail of those who have abused Canadian laws—well, he just *has* to be a very busy dog!

A glance at Prince's record gives us a startling picture of his prowess as a Police Service Dog. In one twelve-month period he was called out on 79 cases. Some of these, officially approved and registered journeys, had to do with crime detection; others took care of such important things as tracing missing persons, locating lost children, and recovering valuable articles.

Perhaps no other dog in the world has covered a more varied routine than Prince. One week he was tracking a bicycle thief near Port Hood, Nova Scotia; a short time later he was using his super-keen sense of smell to help locate a missing person near Sydney, Nova Scotia. He helped enforce the Canadian Liquor Control Act, too, and for a time he was busy tracking down criminals at Port Hawksbury, Nova Scotia.

Once, when a thief tried to outsmart Prince by throwing him off the trail, the alert Doberman-Pinscher was puzzled for only a few moments. Then he dashed away across a stream and a grass-choked swamp. In half an hour the Mounted Police in charge of the hunt heard the dog barking. When they reached him he was holding the frightened but unhurt culprit by a tattered trouser cuff.

Trained under the careful supervision of a dog-loving Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Prince is rated as the best dog in the Service Dog Unit. He has many canine comrades — "Ready," "Sally," "Chips," "Duke," "Smoky," "Rough," and many more—but the loyal, sharp-witted Prince stands with dignity at the head of his class, a challenge and an inspiration to his trailmates.



RELIGION does not consist in being good; that is only a result. Religion consists in *wanting* to be good.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Hitchhiker

By JULIE C. ASHTON

DAISSY," our six-months-old maltese, was missing. She had not been waiting at the door at breakfast time. Now it was dinner time and still she had not appeared. Our "Daisy on the dot"—where could she be?

She was a lively, lovable kitten. She was the pet of our household and of the neighbor children. But at bedtime she was naughty. She never wanted to come in. All summer long she had preferred to romp outside all night; but lately, with the coming of cool fall nights, she had been rather glad to come in. Last night, however, she had evaded us again. We had called and called in vain. Daisy had ignored us.

Our day was spoiled—our spirits were daunted by the thought that something tragic had happened to our beloved Daisy. She would never willingly stay away so long. Linda, our four-year-old daughter, and I had practically worn a path from front to back door looking for her all morning. And, of course, we searched the yard, trees and garage and questioned the neighbors.

By the middle of the afternoon we were almost resigned to the idea that our Daisy was gone for good. Suddenly the door burst open. It was Linda's Daddy. "Here is Daisy—home again," he called. Our fluff of gray and white sprang into our arms purring her delight at being home.

Daisy had gone to the laundry! Some time in the night she became cold. She must have thought of her warm bed in the cellar. But the house was dark and she was shut out. There on the front porch her master had set out the family wash for the laundryman to collect. What a nice cozy bed that should make! How she ever squeezed through the small opening left at the top of the bag is beyond comprehension. But that is what she did.

Early in the afternoon the laundrymen dumped out our wash and *Daisy too!* She was rather ruffled and pathetic looking from her long ride about town and her confinement, but she was quite unharmed.

When Linda's Daddy went for her at the laundry he found her sitting in all her usual dignity on the office desk quite recovered but very glad to see a familiar face. She was ready to go home for breakfast.

Daisy never went hitchhiking again.



YOU can buy a very valuable dog if you have money enough, but you can't have enough to buy the wag of his tail.

April 1948

Piano-Playing Dog

By F. L. MacCREARY

LOOKING through my snapshot album recently, I noticed that "Tippy," our fox terrier, appears in most of the pictures. From puppyhood to the age of fourteen, she had been one of the family, growing up with our son, Frank, and learning every trick we taught her and some we didn't. She seemed to be a show-off by nature, and was always making bids for attention.

One of her methods of gaining the spotlight, especially if ignored at the dinner table, was to scuttle for the living room, leap to the piano bench, and give an unbidden concert. This was her own adaptation of a trick we had taught her.

The request for a performance was, "Music, Tippy." For an encore, we had merely to say, "More music, Tippy." My husband taught our dog artist to play in the lower registers of the instrument when someone said to her, "Bass, Tippy, bass." To conclude the recital, we would say to her, "Thank you, Tippy."

It has always puzzled me how dogs seemingly comprehend so well and often derive as much significance from spoken words as human beings could, and as Tippy surely did.

Head bowed, eyes closed, paws folded,

and kneeling (sitting on her hind legs) Tippy would assume this reverent position when told to say her prayers. If asked, Tippy would even say her prayers out loud, by making sounds in her throat that resembled neither a whimper nor a growl. She would continue to voice her "prayers" until someone would very solemnly say "Amen." And off she'd be to lie down to sleep.

Like every dog, Tippy loved a game. My husband and Tippy had a game of ball indoors quite often. They used a hallway leading from the dining room. Down the hallway, Mr. MacCreary would toss the ball for Tippy to retrieve. He noticed in their playing that Tippy would sometimes stay closer to him and sometimes retreat farther down the hallway. He was certain there was a reason for her action, but was puzzled as to what it could be. After some time, he hit upon an explanation of her behavior.

Through experience, Tippy had learned that the ball would go farther when her master threw it overhand to her. Watching his arm sharply, she could tell if it would be a longer toss, or a gentle underhand pitch. This theory was substantiated by close observation on our part during the next game of ball.



Photo by Philip

The maestro looks around to see if her concert is getting proper attention.

The Women's Auxiliary

THE Women's Auxiliary of our Springfield Branch, composed of a membership of over 200, has worked diligently to supply materials and surgical supplies for the use of our veterinary staff at the Bliss Street Hospital. Several dozen cage blankets, operating field cloths, instrument tray covers, in addition to numerous surgical instruments have been furnished. The funds used for this work were raised by affairs sponsored by the Auxiliary.

The year's activities have been directed by Mrs. Lawrence Davis, president of the Auxiliary, assisted by the executive board composed of the following: Mrs. Frank K. Button, first vice president; Mrs. Richard A. Booth, second vice president; Mrs. A. Heywood Hovey, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Louis E. Hathaway, Jr., treasurer.

Directors of the Auxiliary are Mrs. Fred B. Korb, Mrs. Raymond E. Lawrence, Mrs. John A. Reynolds, Mrs. Joel Harris Newell, Mrs. Irving R. Shaw and Mrs. Sidney W. Stevens.

Committee chairmen completing the executive board include Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Walter J. DuBon, Mrs. Caroline M. Mansfield, Mrs. Herman L. Carlisle, Mrs. Victor A. Hanson, Mrs. Paul M. Kellogg, Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe, Mrs. Edward R. Hass, Mrs. Harold G. Duckworth and Mrs. Robert C. Munroe.



Alphonse Fournier receiving the bronze medal of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., presented by District Manager J. Robert Smith, while "Jackie" contentedly takes a sleepy part in the ceremony.

Society News

Rescue of "Jackie"

ALPHONDOR Fournier, of Springfield, risked his life to go out on the ice of the Connecticut River after a 14-year-old dog, "Jackie," who had been marooned there for two days.

John L. Brown, Agent of the Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., had chopped a channel some 300 yards long to the dog, but the animal evaded capture, and Mr. Brown, drenched to the skin, returned to his home for dry clothing before attempting further rescue. In the meantime, Mr. Fournier went through the channel in a boat, and while spotlights from the bridge blinded the dog, succeeded in capturing him. The animal was rushed to the Hospital of the S. P. C. A., where Dr. Evans, Chief of Staff, treated him for exposure. Jackie responded well to treatment and the following day was returned to his grateful owner.

Mr. Fournier was awarded a bronze medal by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for his rescue of the dog. The presentation was made by J. Robert Smith, District Manager of the Springfield S. P. C. A. Jackie graced the occasion with his presence.

Springfield Area



Dr. Robert L. Leighton and "Kelley."

An Unusual Accident

"KELLEY," a two-year-old German Shepherd, experienced a painful and unusual accident recently, but is making a satisfactory recovery at the Springfield S. P. C. A. Hospital. He endeavored to jump a high iron fence and became impaled on one of the large spikes. The spike penetrated along the abdominal wall to a depth of five inches and the dog was unable to extricate himself. Harry Allen of School Street saw the accident and lifted Kelley from his perilous position.

The dog is owned by Mrs. A. Abert of 285 Union Street, Springfield, and is a well-known favorite in the neighborhood. Since his injury and confinement at the Hospital his absence has occasioned many inquiries as to his whereabouts, and sympathetic interest is shown by his admirers.

Kelley is quite famous in his own right, because his father was owned by Balbo, the famous Italian flyer, and was mascot of his plane. He was with Balbo when the flyer was shot down. The dog was injured, but he recovered and now lives in Italy. Kelley's ancestors on both sides were trained war dogs in the Italian army. He is a kindly dog and accepts the ministrations of the S. P. C. A. doctors with seeming gratitude. In the picture he is shown wearing an Elizabethan collar to prevent him from removing his stitches.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

s and Service

Boston Area



"Butch," the smallest elephant, poses with his keeper, Officer Dean and Dr. Jones after arriving on the S. S. Irisbank from Madras, India.

Jungle Animals Arrive

SOME weeks ago the S. S. Irisbank set sail from Madras, India, with a large collection of jungle creatures, coming to port in Boston after one of the worst voyages ever experienced, high seas and bitter weather, according to the crew. The shipment included nine elephants, valued at \$1,500 each, three zebras as well as several score of monkeys, most of the animals destined for a circus.

Our Society was notified that the ship would dock at Pier 4 and would be unloaded early in the morning. Dr. W. D. Jones and Officer Herman N. Dean were on hand to make an inspection when the animals were unloaded, and found that all of them were in pretty good condition, although two of the elephants died on the way over.

One of the smallest elephants ever to reach this country, 200-pound "Butch," stood the trip better than some of the larger animals. He is only nine months old, but he proved to be a good traveler, and his trainer said the easiest of the lot to care for.

From Boston the animals were shipped by rail to their destinations.

**Be Kind to Animals Week,
May 3-9, 1948**

April 1948

Feeding and Shelter

A CASE of the improper shelter and feeding of a dog and pigs was brought to the attention of our Society. On investigation a dog was found tied to a dog house, very thin and plainly showing that it had not been properly fed. Five pigs were found in the cellar of a barn which was burned down some time ago. They had no shelter except for the two stone walls, foundation of the former barn, with a flat cover placed over them. There were no tracks in the snow to where the dog was tied, or to the pigs' shelter, which indicated that the owner had not been near to feed or water the animals.

The man was brought into court and fined \$25.00 for neglect of his animals.

One day when the temperature was down to two degrees, our agent visited a shed, open on two sides, in which one horse and ten cattle were huddled. The animals had plenty of feed and were in fairly good condition, but were shivering with the cold. The man was given twenty-four hours to board up the sides of the shed and cover with paper, leaving a small doorway for the animals to go in and out.

Collie Adrift on Ice Floe

A COLLIE puppy, stranded on an ice cake in Cape Cod Bay, was the object of a day and night search by police, coast guards, fishermen and town volunteers. The plight of the puppy was discovered by 16-year-old Renardo Vitiello of the Little Taunton section of Dennis. The boy tramping along the beach heard the sound of barking coming from the sea and spotted a dog limping back and forth on an ice cake out beyond the tide line. He called the police and they started out over the ice, but broke through and were unable to proceed.

Great masses of uptilted ice along the shore barred the launching of a boat. A call to the Coast Guard by the police brought word that the only motor lifeboat available in the vicinity had broken down and could not be used. Agent Harold Andrews of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. joined the group. Throughout the night men and boys whistled and shouted in the hope of keeping up the dog's spirits, while searchlights were played out across the water. At sunrise the ice floe was no longer visible, but searchers spread out along the shore in the hope that the dog would drift in to shore. John C. Van Arsdale of the Cape Cod Flying Service, with Agent Andrews, flew back and forth along the coast from Hyannis to Provincetown in the hope of sighting the animal. The search was reluctantly abandoned.



Harold G. Andrews, Agent of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and John C. Van Arsdale, of the Cape Cod Flying Service, who flew back and forth along the coast in a search for the missing puppy.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do out best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Wake up! Is breakfast ready?

No Alarm Clock Problem

By Rachel Brown (Age 11)

OUTSIDE of our window are three squirrels. Every morning, strictly at seven o'clock, they start squealing and banging on the window, begging for peanuts which we always keep handy for them. When one gets a chance to get a peanut he makes a strange low quivering sound in his throat, warning the others not to come near.

One of the squirrels has lost an eye. We call him "One Eye." They are really adorable.

My Dog, "Master"

By James Johnstone (Age 9)

MY dog's name is "Master." He is a collie dog, about three years old. He likes to play with children, if they pet him. He sleeps at the bottom of my bed and goes to sleep right away.

When he was little we had him out doors and he would howl, so I let him sleep in my bed. He sleeps there now and I think he's spoiled, but I love him.

"Topper" Won

By Susan Roads (Age 10)

I HAVE a little black cocker spaniel, named "Topper." He is almost three years old. On Easter we went on an Easter egg hunt. After awhile I saw Topper start to sniff, but I did not pay much attention to him. All of a sudden my brother started to follow him. Topper sniffed and there was an egg. Pretty soon he sniffed at a bucket and under the bucket there was another egg! So my brother won the hunt. Our family likes Topper very much.

"Snowball" and "Snow White"

By Joyce Natale (Age 10)

I HAVE a rabbit. She is all white and her name is "Snowball." She loves to have me pick her up and hold her in my arms. For the past two years I have kept her in the chicken coop, with the chickens. One of my white hens—we call her "Snow White," has got pretty chummy with her now. They are real pals.



Marie Natalie and Joyce Natale, members of the Animal Club of the Air, with two more of their pets.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE

An Easter Basket

LET'S join the hunt and see who is holding the basket of Easter eggs. Start at one and, drawing carefully, join the numbers to forty-nine. Pretty nice?



Animal Quiz

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS

A COMPLETE word is missing from the animal names below, which corresponds to the definition.

1. G ---: a breakfast cereal
2. Porcu ---: a tree
3. F ---: another animal
4. M ---: a writing fluid
5. B ---: organ of hearing

ANSWERS: 1. g(oat), 2. porcu(pine), 3. f(ox), 4. m(ink), 5. b(ear).

April 1948

Janet and the Three Kittens

WHERE is my 'Kitty Fluff,' Mother," said six-year-old Janet.

"Kitty Fluff," Mother replied, "is down in the basement in the trash paper box."

"In the paper box! What is she doing there?"

"Well, Janet," Mother said, "last night Fluff got herself a brand new family, and she made her babies a home in the paper box. After you finish your breakfast I shall take you down to call on them."

The breakfast was finished in record time, and Janet and Mother went down the steep cellar stairs and to about the darkest corner in the coal cellar. Mother lifted Janet up in her arms to see and, sure enough, in the box was taffy-colored Fluff and three of the tiniest kittens Janet had ever seen. One was colored black, one gray, and the other was Fluff in miniature.

"Aren't they darling, Mother," said Janet. "May I touch them?"

"Oh, no!" replied Mother. "They are much too small. Wait a week and their eyes will be open."

Fluff purred happily as though she understood every word that Mother had said.

It seemed a long week for Janet to wait, but she was so busy giving Fluff dishes of milk and bites of fish and meat and other delicacies she liked that the week finally passed. The kittens had their eyes open now, and they were a heavenly shade of blue.

Since hot weather had arrived, Janet's Daddy had put up a small tent in the backyard for her to play house in. One hot morning the idea came to her that the tent would make an ideal home for Fluff's family. So she carefully got her house in order and made up the doll crib especially for the kittens. Fluff was around toward the front of the house, so it was a good time to carry out her plans. Janet went to the cellar and carried out the tiny babies very carefully, one at a time, and settled them in the crib. She had just settled them when mother called her to lunch. Fluff stalked around the side of the house just then and down the outside stairs.

Janet glanced out of the window, and what did she see but Fluff marching out of the tent entrance with one small gray kitten held in her mouth. Straight down to the cellar she went. In a few moments she was out again, and this time she brought back the black one, holding it by the furry scruff at the back of its neck. Next, it was the taffy-colored one.

"Oh, Mother! Why did Fluff do that?"

"Well, Janet," Mother replied, "Mama kittens know just where their families will be safe. You will have to play with dolly."

—Rebecca Sackett Miller



Peacefully grazing, the sheep are well guarded by the always vigilant Shepherd dogs.

Aid for British Animals

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is co-operating with the many Humane Societies throughout the country, in a plan by which all American animal lovers can help to feed hungry dogs and cats in England.

Word was received from the Royal S. P. C. A. in London that the animals in England are not starving, but the food situation is very serious, because families that used to share their rations of bread and potatoes, mixed with gravy as a meat substitute for their pets, are hard hit by the recent reduction of rations. Animal Hospitals do not have enough food for their patients, and dogs and cats are suffering from diseases as a result of insufficient or faulty diet.

Although horses, cattle and chickens have rations, it was explained by British authorities that no provision is made for cats and dogs, except sheep dogs, which are workers. Because of a shortage of oatmeal, many of the sheep dogs are not receiving sufficient food. In London, people can still buy horseflesh in limited amounts for their pets, but in smaller towns and remote areas where shepherds live, there is no meat. It is practically impossible to purchase canned animal food in England, and dog food manufacturers are restricted to one-third of their pre-war allocation of raw materials, depending chiefly on the amount of grain

spoiled for human consumption in shipping or in warehouse.

Animal lovers have expressed a desire to buy food and send it overseas. Accordingly, a plan has been drawn up whereby contributions received at Society Headquarters will be used to purchase wholesale shipments of food to be distributed overseas by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the National Canine Defence League of London, England. The food will be sent in the form of meal, containing a complete diet for dogs and cats. It will be bagged as economically as possible and the English Societies have applied to their Government for remission of duty on such shipments.

It is believed that approximately 1,000 working shepherd dogs, together with other animal pets belonging to people too poor to buy the few available expensive animal foods, will benefit by the gifts. In addition, the food will be of great value to those who are ill and cannot stand in line for hours to obtain possible rations. All recipients will be carefully investigated as to their situation and need.

All those wishing to donate to this worthy cause may do so by sending their checks or money orders to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

Armored Guard

BLONGIE," a shepherd dog, guard and errand-girl of her home for years, was owned by Mike, proprietor of a busy cafe that had been plagued with costly burglaries.

In desperation after several losses, Mike tied the day's cash receipts in a small pack inside an old dishcloth and handed it to Blondie for safekeeping. Blithely she set out for home alone, carrying the dirty rag in her mouth as if she had found a grubby morsel to nibble. Whether minutes or hours later, when Mike reached home, Blondie was waiting for him in the yard, faithfully guarding the bit of cloth with its precious contents.

From that time on, each evening near the same hour Blondie scratched at the cafe door for entrance. Then, tugging a dishcloth from its rack, she would drop it suggestively at Mike's feet, softly nudging him until he heeded, to wrap up the day's receipts.

This partnership proved a happy solution to Mike's problem. And since man and dog have gone on to a thief-free land, the story may now be told.

—Ruth A. Pray



Humane Exercises for 1948

HUMANE Exercises, entitled "Developing Kindness Through Humane Education," for use in schools during Be Kind to Animals Week, May 3-9, are now ready for distribution. This is an eight-page pamphlet, giving suggestions for appropriate exercises for each day of the Week.

The pamphlet may be obtained from the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., at five cents for a single copy, or \$2.00 a hundred.

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:45 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Dorothy Harris each Saturday, at 11:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 8:45 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!

1947 Bound Volumes

We have on hand a limited supply of the complete 1947 edition of Our Dumb Animals, attractively bound in blue cloth, with gold letters.

Here is a permanent reference of 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures, informative articles on nature and animal care, and appealing verse.

Price — \$1.50 each

Blotters

Order your blotters for Be Kind to Animals Week now!

The dates this year are May 3-9
Humane Sunday, May 9

The blotters are white on blue, printed in red and black ink, with picture of two cocker spaniel puppies.

The regular price is \$1.00 a hundred, but if you wish a special imprint, with name of your Society, there is an extra charge of \$2.50.

American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum ofdollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Liberal Annuity Rates

ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

Write for additional information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500 00	Associate Annual	\$10 00
Sustaining Annual	100 00	Active Annual	5 00
Supporting Annual	50 00	Annual	2 00
Contributing Annual	25 00	Children's	1 00

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1948.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize	\$25.00
Second Prize	15.00
Third Prize	5.00
Ten \$3.00 prizes	
Ten \$2.00 prizes	

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

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THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED

The Fourth Carload

WE deeply appreciate the many passengers who, over the last three months, have purchased tickets on our "*Kindness Train*" and helped to fill its cars with cargoes of kindness and mercy to all living creatures.

Beginning this fourth month we are glad to report that each new car has been filled to capacity—three cars numbering hundreds of new subscriptions. But what of the fourth and the fifth and others to come?

Won't you join us in spreading the teachings of kindness? It's a great adventure and from the windows of each car its occupants will derive a vast expanse of satisfaction in knowing that they have done their bit to make a better world.

So, get aboard. The train fare is only \$1.00. It is just as simple as this.

All you have to do is to pick out some library, school, or person—in your community or some other city and make a personal donation of a year's subscription. Just fill out the blank and send it with the subscription price of \$1.00 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

All aboard for the "Kindness Train!"

"Kindness Train" Express

This coupon good for one year's adventure in kindness, justice and mercy.

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

YOUR NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

